All you have to do is ask

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by Raine_star

Summary

When Matthew Brown figures out that Will lied to him about being a serial killer he wants revenge. Now that he has escaped BHCI he can easily get it.
(set after Will escapes BHCI)

Notes

I spelt Matthews name wrong for the entire fic and had to go through and fix it (Why is Matthew spelt with two T's)

See the end of the work for more notes

When Matthew Brown escaped Baltimore state hospital for the clinically insane he immediately disappeared. Jack cursed at the terrible security it had, but knew that Chilton being a serial killer himself, he might have neglected it. He tried to think where Mathew would go and everything pointed to one person.

“He’s going to go to Will,” Jack said as he set in front of a desk in Chiltons old office “the entire reason he was in the hospital was because of Will,”

“But Will’s not a serial killer and Mathew knows that,” Alana said pacing behind him “he wouldn’t go there to worship Will he is more likely to ki-“ she stopped as realisation crept into her bones and fear crept into her eyes “we need to call him” Jack immediately grabbed his phone and dialled Will. He waited impatiently as it rang.

Will was at his house trying to get everything back into place. His dogs trailed around him as some tried to jump up onto him. He leaned down and let them cuddle him. He looked up as the phone rang then slowly picked it up. “Hello” Will heard static and yelled down the line “HELLO?”

“Will…” he heard Jack’s voice as it broke up coming down the line “he… get… I’m… Wi…”

“Jack, I think you're breaking up,” Will said. He wondered if someone had messed with the phone lines while he had been imprisoned. “I can’t hear you, I’m going to try and call you back,” Will said as he hung up.

Will was going through his phone trying to find Jack’s number when he heard his dogs bark from the room. He looked up then saw movement from outside the window. He was about to take a step closer when something flew through the window with an echoing boom.

Will dropped to the ground and slid next to his cabinets. He looked to where the projectile had landed and saw a small dart with a bright yellow tail was stuck on his door frame. He knew he wouldn’t be conscious for long if it hit him. He silently cursed himself for hanging up on Jack and looked at his phone that had been flung across the floor. He crawled along the floor towards it as another loud boom rang out and the window smashed, scattering glass along the floor.

Will sprung to his feet and dashed out the door as he heard another shot fire and felt it wizz past his face. He stumbled down the steps and dashed into the woods. He crashed through the trees as the snow soaked his feet through his sock. He looked back and saw his pursuer as a blur speeding towards him.

Will vaulted a fallen tree and stumbled down a small hill. His pursuer stood at the top and raised his gun. They waited for a clear shot then struck Will on his neck. He collapsed to the ground.

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Will awoke and found himself strapped to a table. He felt his restraints burn his skin as he tried to move. It was pitch black apart from a bright light above him. He cursed into the emptiness. Then he heard footsteps, he tried to pull away as they got closer. They stood behind the light hiding their face but Will could see their hands, wearing medical gloves and holding a scalpel.

They grabbed into Will's chin and held his head in place as they pushed the scalpel into his skin on the edge of his lips. Will flinched away and let out a small whimper as the scalpel slipped out of place. The kidnapper sighed and Will heard the metal clang as they threw down the scalpel. Then they came back with a syringe. They plunged it into Will's neck and he found himself relaxing as he couldn't stop himself from crying.

Then they picked up the scalpel and continued, cutting down Will!s cheek then along the side of his face skirting past his eye. Will heard himself scream as he struggled to think straight when they carved holes in his chest multiple times. Will's arm glowed red as they burnt his skin. Will felt time pass but couldn't tell how long, he could feel the hours that he was trapped alone in the dark. Then the kidnapper would return and Will would cry and beg them to let him go.

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Will stumbled through the woods, he didn't recognise any of it, he couldn't tell how long he had been walking. His foot caught on a root and he crashed into a tree, he gripped its branches to keep himself upright.

His mind went to the last moments he had been trapped, he had heard the footsteps coming closer then he saw them holding a scalpel but this time they cut his restraints and set him free then they left before he could move. He scampered outside and found himself standing outside an abandoned barn in the middle of the woods.

Will tried to shake himself out of the trance and continued to stagger through the woods. He prayed that he would be able to stay awake enough to find a way out. He clambered up a hill and saw a small house. He slowly got closer to it as an old man came out carrying a shotgun. "Hey this is private property?" He yelled as he aimed the gun.

Will raised his hands and muttered "sorry," as he struggled to stay upright. Then the man noticed the blood dripping off him.

"How about I… uhhh… get you inside?" he came closer and placed a hand on Will's shoulder "and get you something warm?" Will hadn't realised he had been shaking. He nodded his head and the man helped him walk to the house. The man set Will down on one of the chairs around his kitchen table and got him a blanket that he gratefully accepted.

"Do you want some tea?" The man asked awkwardly.

Will shook his head, he was staring at the ground then asked "do you have a phone?" When the old man handed it to him he called Hannibal, he hadn't meant to but it was the only number he could remember.

A few hours later Hannibal strode through the door. Will could barely remember the conversation they had had on the phone. As soon as Will saw Hannibal he got up and tried to walk over to him. Will stumbled a few paces away but Hannibal caught him. Will collapsed onto his body and cried into his shoulder.

“Help me,” Will begged Hannibal as he gripped him tightly. “Please.”

“All you have to do is ask,” Hannibal said softly as he stroked Will’s hair then they both sunk to the ground. Hannibal kept Will in his arms as he muttered calming words to him. Then as Will pulled away for a second Hannibal placed his hand on his cheek, checking for a fever, then pulled his eyelids back to inspect Will’s pupils, and Will let him.

Hannibal glanced at the old man as he pulled Will back in “call an ambulance and the police,” Hannibal instructed “tell them it’s Will Graham,” the man slowly backed out of the room then left them in peace as he called the authorities.

As the paramedics took Will into the ambulance away Hannibal’s phone rang. “Dr Lecter, I heard you found Will,” Jack said over the phone “how is he?”

“The ambulance just came and he lost consciousness a few minutes ago,” Hannibal said “but he’s alive,”

“Right,” Jack replied, then his tone shifted and he sounded annoyed “now, tell me why, when you got a call from Will you didn’t immediately inform me?”

“I wanted to be sure it was him,” Hannibal said as the paramedics waved to him, signalling they were leaving, “the ambulance is leaving, I’ve got to go Jack,”

“Dr Lecter stay where you are,” Jack demanded “I need to question you,”

“I don’t think it would do Will any good to be alone right now,” Hannibal stated as he climbed into the ambulance.

“He will be fine, he’s going to the hospital, I only have two witnesses I nee-“ Hannibal hung up on him and looked down at Will. His face was splattered with dried blood and his hair was messily flung across his forehead.

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Hannibal stood by the edge of Will’s hospital room. The doctors had quickly sewn up Will’s wounds and after hearing Hannibal’s story of finding Will they tested his blood for drugs. Now he lay taking uneven breaths as two police men stood outside the door.

Jack strode through the door, he obviously hadn’t slept in days. “Dr Lecter-” he stopped as he spotted Will. he sighed and quickly looked away. “Can we talk outside” they both took a seat in the corridor. Jack fiddled with the case file in his hand. “When did you first get contact again after Will was reported missing?”

“When he called me,” Hannibal replied “about 3 hours before emergency services arrived”

“And what did he tell you over the phone?”

“Who he was and where he was,” he said

“Did he say anything about what happened?” Jack asked.

“No, he barely said anything when we spoke,”

Jack opened up his file and took out a picture and showed it to Hannibal “we found an abandoned barn just short of a mile away from where you picked up Will” the picture showed, the inside of the barn illuminated by flashlight, it was mainly empty apart from a table with a bright light above it and blood lining the floor. “All of the blood is Will’s and we found a few slightly smudged fingerprints that resemble Matthew’s.” Jack pointed towards the restraints lying on the table “they were cut, Matthew let Will go,”

“Have you figured out why?” Hannibal asked as he took a closer look at the picture.

“We don’t have a definitive reason yet,” Jack admitted “there are so many reasons he could have done it, but I suspect it is so we can see him like this,”

“Nearly killed?”

Jack shook his head and took out two more pictures, as Hannibalk picked them up he immediately recognised them as Will’s medical report and an x-ray of his ribs. “Every injury Will has corresponds with every way that he allegedly killed one of his victims when Chiltton framed him. Minus Abigail, there were no injuries anywhere near his neck. If I was to assume it would have been how Matthew was going to eventually kill him.”

Hannibal carefully read the report. Will had a large cut just missing his ear, a cut that went from the edge of his lips across his cheek up to the edge of his face, small stab wounds all along his body that were filled with antler filings and part of his right arm was badly burned. Then Hannibal looked at the x-ray and noticed something “part of his bone has been chipped off” he said pointing it out to Jack.

“Yes, the doctors told me that,” Jack stated “but they said it wouldn’t cause any harm. We haven't found any reminisce of bone fragments at the scene”

“This must have been done deliberately,” Hannibal said “it would be nearly impossible to do it accidently,”

“Matthew took a trophy,” Jack said, he paused for a second and looked down at the picture in Hannibal’s hand. Jack then let out a long sign and turned to Hannibal “it's horrible what happened to Will. If he wants to stay in therapy with you, will you help him?”

“Of course,” Hannibal said as if there hadn’t been any reason he would have to say no.

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Will woke up a few days later, still slightly dazed. When Jack told him what had happened he only gave a small nod. “So he uhh…” Will stuttered as Jack showed him the case file “so he

took a trophy?"

"Yes he did." Jack said he couldn't help but stare at Will as he looked off into the distance "I have as many agents as I can searching the area and questioning the locals. I can get you security if you need,"

"I'll be fine, Jack," Will said without hesitation.

"Will, you live in the middle of nowhere," Jack complained, his concern seeping into his voice.

"I…" Will paused and let out a long shaky breath "I am not about to let Matthew do that again" he mindlessly fiddled with the bandage on his arm as he turned to Jack and handed him back the case file. Jack was silent in shock as Will strode out of the hospital.

Will went to Hannibal's office and waited outside the door at what would have been his usual time, or atleast what he thought was his usual time. Will wasn't sure if he was remembering it right. His clothes were scruffy and he wore one of his old jackets while his hair was messily sprawled across his face. As Hannibal opened the door he looked slightly surprised to see Will but that didn't hide his pleasure at seeing him stand in the doorway to his office. "Will," Hannibal said, his smile growing.

Will tried to smile politely back but he found he couldn't think straight when he saw Hannibal's face again. His mind flew back to the old dusty house and he could hear his own screams echo through his ears. "I would like to continue my therapy," Will muttered, he bit the inside of his cheek as he waited for Hannibal to respond. His smile grew even wider as he opened the door fully and invited Will inside.

They both sat opposite each other as the minutes ticked away, Will awkwardly ran his fingernails along the chair and struggled to keep eye contact with Hannibal as he stared intensely at him. Finally after most of the session had gone past in silence Hannibal asked "are you afraid of Matthew? After what he did to you?"

Will sat more upright finding himself unable to get comfortable in the seat "no," he said though it came out more like a whisper "I'm not concerned about him being able to get the upper hand again," he studied Hannibal's face then said "and neither should you,"

"You think next time, you will get him before he gets you?" Hannibal asked, he slowly stood up from his seat and rested against his desk closer to Will.

"I'm not about to go and try to murder him," Will stated "and he might be finished. He let me go,"

"And what if he let you go just to murder you later?" Hannibal said.

"I can learn from my mistakes," Will said as Hannibal gave him a questioning look. With a sigh Will slowly reached into his pocket and pulled out a small pistol. As soon as he left the hospital he vowed to never go anywhere without it.

“You shouldn’t give into your paranoia Will,” Hannibal said as WIll held the gun in his lap, numbly rubbing his finger along the edge. Hannibal strode up to Will and slowly reached forward till his hand held Will’s and tried to pull the gun away.

“I’ve seen you Hannibal,” Will stated as he peered up to Hannibal who stood inches away from him “and you don’t want me dead,”

“I’ve seen you too,” Hannibal said as he reached under Will’s fingers and tried to pry them away “and you don’t want to murder Matthew,” Will’s hands shook as Hannibal managed to pull the gun away from him. He quickly tossed it onto the table. Then he stood directly in front of Will and leaned against the armrests, hovering over him. “Why don’t you think he deserves everything you could give him” Hannibal said as he traced the scars on WIll’s face, reminding him of the pain he was in.

“I know how he feels,” Will said as he held back tears.

“To want to murder someone so badly,” Hannibal suggested as he lifted up Will’s chin so their lips were inches apart.

“To be lied to like that,” Will said, he pulled his face out of Hannibal’s grasp and he immediately backed away.

“I may not have your empathic abilities but I still know how to think like a killer,” Hanibal said “and Matthew is not one to settle for anything less than one hundred percent.”

“You think the only path he can follow is trying to kill me again,” Will said, he violently rubbed his eyes trying to hide the tears that were forming “maybe you're right, but I won't let him win if it comes to that,”

Hannibal smiled and gave a small nod of satisfaction as Will glanced over at the clock then slowly got up and strode over to the door. “Will you be fine to drive home by yourself?” Hannibal asked as he got the door.

“I’ll be fine,” Will stated as Hannibal got his jacket. As Will drove back through the woods he realised he had forgotten to pick up his pistol from Hannibal. He cursed to the empty car and found himself spiralling into dark thoughts of what could happen if he didn’t have it. Will desperately tried to take slow breaths as something flashed in front of his car. He slammed on the breaks and saw a stray dog staring back at him. A smile poured onto his face as relief ran through him. Will was about to get out of the car and greet the dog when he suddenly wondered if Matthew would have any way of knowing his love for dogs. He knew he hadn’t told Matthew but he had no idea what he could have read about him when working in the hospital. Will felt like ants were crawling under his skin as he slowly drove around the hound sped back to his house.

As Will entered his house he only felt the same cold as outside and a small breeze flowing through the hallway. He peered through to the kitchen and saw the window that had been smashed when he got kidnapped. Will ignored it and went to his room, he felt the emptiness from his missing dogs, he vaguely remembered something about them staying with Alana.

Even though it was nearly midnight Will didn't sleep, he sat on the edge of his bed, picking up different objects and thinking how he could use them if Matthew returned.

The next week Will barely slept and no matter how many times Jack called to show his concern Will refused to let any agents come and protect him. Will took to trying to distract himself, he started by fixing his window and then went to a remote river to fish but couldn't help himself from fiddling with the sharp fish hooks and grasping them tightly as he stared into the woods. Hannibal wanted to call Will all week but held himself back, not wanting to spook Will knowing the state he was in and how his trust could easily waver.

Will couldn't help but feel joyful as he drove to Hannibal's office again. He knew Hannibal's talents and knew he would feel relaxed as he sat across from him. Hannibal had cancelled the appointment before Will with excitement, he waited at his desk as he impatiently stared at the clock. He wished he had called Will at least once so he wouldn't have to wait till the hand on the clock got to the hour. Then there was a knock on the door, Hannibal smiled to himself noting how early Will was and how eager he seemed to want to see him again.

As Hannibal opened the door he saw Will's terrified face stare back at him as Matthew held a gun to his head. He gripped onto Will's shoulder and shoved him into the office. Tears ran down Will's face as he mouthed "help," to Hannibal and silently begged him to do something as another tear ran down his face.

"Matthew," Hannibal said softly as he backed away, giving them room "I'm sorry, but I need you to give me that gun,"

Matthew pulled Will closer so his head rested against his shoulder as he shoved the gun against Will's cheek. "I was wrong to try and kill you Dr Lecter," he stated, Will whimpered as he pushed the gun against the scar next to his lips "his lies nearly killed you. I wanted you to see this." he raised the gun higher and all of Will's muscles seized up as Matthew stared down at him.

"WAIT!" Hannibal screamed as Matthew gritted his teeth and glared at him "have you ever thought that Will was right about me,"

"You're not the Chesapeak Ripper, it was Chilton," Matthew stated as he dug his fingernails into Will's shoulder and pulled him further away from Hannibal. Will let out a small whine trying to hold back a scream. "He literally had a dead body in his basement," Hannibal silently cursed Chilton for being so easy to frame then slowly opened a drawer in his desk and took out a small wrapped package. He glanced at Matthew and opened it, laying it down on a chair. It was a perfectly preserved human liver. Matthew let out a small gasp and immediately aimed the gun at Hannibal stumbled backwards.

"There is always a chance that what the FBI is looking for is right under their noses," Hannibal said as he picked up the scalpel off his desk without turning around, desperately trying not to let Mathew see.

"I'm here to kill Will because he lied to me," Matthew stated "and now I'm also here to kill you because you lied to me."

They all stood frozen in place for a second then Hannibal deliberately glanced at one of his shelves. There was nothing there, he just wanted Matthew to look away for a second. As Matthew turned his head Hannibal lunged forward as Will ducked out of the way. Hannibal tried to plunge the scalpel into Mathew's heart as he shoved the gun out of his own face. Matthew lost his footing and slammed into the ground, the gun fell out of his hand and slid along the floor. He stopped the scalpel inches from his neck then knocked it away with his spare hand.

Will crawled towards where the gun was on the floor as Matthew kicked at Hannibal's legs and shoved him away. He jumped to his feet, before Hannibal could regain his footing Matthew gripped his Jacket and shoved him into the desk. The open drawer broke off, scattering its contents all over the floor. Blood dripped over Hannibal's face from a cut on his forehead as Matthew picked a paper weight off his desk.

Matthew pulled Hannibal closer to him by his collar. Hannibal winced and dug his fingernails into Matthew's wrists as he raised the weight. Before he could strike Will grabbed the gun and shot Matthew in the head. Blood spattered over Hannibal and his office as Matthew's body collapsed onto him. Hannibal looked up and saw Will still aiming the gun at the limp block of flesh that used to be Matthew. Hannibal slowly pushed the body onto the floor edged away. As soon as he was a few inches away Will shot Matthew again, the body shook with the impact as he was struck in the shoulder. Will shot him a third time, it ripped Matthew's neck open spraying blood atop Will's shoes.

Hannibal gave a satisfied smile as Will finally lowered his gun and let out a shaky breath. He looked at the destruction around the office and noticed a fragment of bone had fallen out of Hannibal's drawer. It had been wrapped in a small blanket of red silk, it stood out like it was on display, like it was a trophy.

As Hannibal stood up, Will raised the gun at him and found his hands shaking. Hannibal peered down and saw the chipped piece of Will's rib. "You think I kidnapped you?" he said calmly.

"I know you did," he replied and let out a sinister laugh. He was mostly laughing at himself for falling for Hannibal's tricks twice.

"What would I get out of kidnapping you?" Hannibal asked.

"You get me," Will sneered, as tears tore down his face "you get to save me, so that the only place I could ever feel safe was with you."

"I also let you go," Hannibal stated as Will gritted his teeth together.

"That doesn't count to anything," Will yelled as his hands began to shake "not after… not after… everything else," Will found himself struggling to breathe.

"Killing me won't look good on you Will," Hannibal stated "two bodies. Straight after you leave prison."

"You…" Will struggled to speak as his breathing increased "you are not getting out of here,"

“Will-”

“SHUT UP,” he whimpered.

“Will,” Hannibal said softly, that was when he took a small step closer and Will shot him. The bullet hit his shoulder and he crashed to the ground.

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The FBI only took a few minutes to arrive, as they had already been tracking Mathew, but Will was already gone. Jack sat down next to Hannibal as the paramedic tended to his wounds. “Will, did he…” Jack sighed then said “What happened with Will? Where has he gone?”

“Matthew came and Will shot him,” Hannibal said as he glanced at the corpse being taken away “now he has ran away,”

“He thinks he is on the run,” Jack stated, “did he shoot you?”

“Will is afraid of everyone, even me,”

End Notes

hope you enjoyed this fic
I might write e sequel to it one day

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!